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These beauties may to boys diversion
yield,
But please not me,—my sport's the embattled field;
My plaything, war,—my toy, the sword
and spear,
Rape in my front, and rapine in my rear.
And strange it is that men resist those
charms
Nor seize yon damsels by the force of
arms;
For had our women been so wond'rous fair,
There's not a chieftain, but had had his
share;
And I, as Ulster's lord supreme confest,
Had at my will these beauties all pos-
sess'd.

But times indeed are chang'd, your ta-
ble's fill'd
With all the ransack'd earth and sea can
yield,
Far other was my fare in days of yore,
When crowds I feasted on Lough Neagh's
shore.
My hall yon boundless canopy of air;
My guests a province, Slemish brow, my
chair,
There oxen whole bespread the moun-
tain's side
Roasted on trees or seeth'd in reeking
hides.
While usquebaugh,—rich liquor! Ire-
land's boast,
In flowing madders swelled the unnum-
ber'd host;
Nor ceas'd the bards their sounding
strings to join,
Attun'd to glorious deeds!—those
deeds were mine.

But now that spirit's fled—this peace-
ful isle,
Can 'midst the din of war securely smile:
Sare token this, that Phelim's now a shade,
And Hugh and Shan, in dust forever
laid.
Else in these bustling times, this bloody
band
Had scatter'd desolation thro' the land,
Nor ever brook'd that martial toil should
cease,
And feats of war be chang'd to sports of
peace.

But since 'tis thus, it glads my soul to
see
This castle's lord still emulous of me;
To see that choice has given him a com-
mand
Of valiant soldiery a numerous band.
To see my issue noble still has prov'd,
And as I once was fear'd, so he is loved.
Happy that to his fortune he has join'd
A gentle dame, of polish'd form and
mind;

While he supports the honors of his race,
She decks these honors with superior
grace:

But hark!—The Banshee calls—I must
away,
O'NEILL himself her summons must obey.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN,

PARAPHRASED.

O THOU, who roll'st above in glory
bright,
Round as the shield my fathers bore in fight,
Whence are thy beams, O sun, that never
rest?

Thou comest in thy awful beauty drest,
Each star hides in the sky its sparkling
head,

And the pale moon sinks in her watry bed.
But thou thyself in greatness mov'st
alone,

Thou hast no partner in thy radiant throne
On mountain tops the mighty oaks decay,
And mountains too, when years have roll'd
away;

The roaring ocean shrinks and grows again,
The moon herself renews her nightly reign,
When the dark tempest clouds the azure
skies,

When roaring thunder rolls and lightning
flies,

Thou lookest forth in beauty bright and
warm,

And from the skies thou laughest at the
storm.

Thou lookest—but my days of night are o'er,
And Ossian can behold thy beams no more,
Whether thy yellow hair flows in the east,
Whether thou tremblest in the dewy west,
Perhaps like me thy years shall have an
end,

Perhaps thy radiant head to time will bend,
Perhaps within the dusky clouds thou'lt
sleep,

And leave the morn in vain for thee to
weep,

Exult then in thy youthful strength, O sun,
Ere gloomy, dark, unlovely age comes on.

'Tis like the moon, when scarce his glim-
mering light,

Shines thro' the broken clouds, nor glads
the sight;

When the thick mist has risen above the
hill,

And the north wind blows cold, and damp,
and chill,

The traveller feels and shrinks beneath the
wind,

When half his journey scarce is left
behind.

FLORELLA.